I am iuſtly kild with mine owne treachery.
Ham. How does the Queene?
King. She ſounds to ſee them bleed.
Quee. No, no, the drink, the drink, O my deare *Ham*,
The drink, the drink, I am poyſned.
Ham. O villaine! hoe let the dore be lock't,
Treachery, ſeek it out.
Laer. It is here *Hamlet* thou art ſlaine,
No medecine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
The treacherous inſtrument is in my hand
Vnbated and enuenom'd, the foule practiſe
Hath turn'd it ſelfe on me, loe here I lye
Neuer to riſe againe: thy mother's poyſned,
I am no more, the King, the Kings too blame.
Ha. The point enuenom'd to, then venom to thy work
All. Treaſon, treaſon.
King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Here thou inceſtious damned *Dane*,
Drink of this potion, is the Onixe here?
Follow my mother.
Laer. He is iuſtly ſerued, it is a poiſon temperd by him-
Exchange forgiueneſſe with me noble *Hamlet*, (ſelfe
Mine and my fathers death come not vpon thee,
Nor thine on me.
Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew.
You that looke pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes, or audience to this act,
Had I but time as this fell Sergeant Death
Is ſtrict in his arreſt. O I could tell you!
But let it be; *Horatio* I am dead,
Thou liueſt, report me and my cauſe aright
To the vnſatisfied.
Hora. Neuer beleeue it;
I am more an antike *Roman* then a *Dane*,
Heer's yet ſome liquor left.
Ham. As th'art a man
Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen I'le hate,

O God *Horatio*! what a wounded nam
Things ſtanding thus vnknowne, ſhall I le
If thou didſt euer hold me in thy heart,
Abſent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harſh world draw thy breath
To tell my ſtory: what warlike noiſe is th

Enter Oſrick.

Oſr. Young *Fortinbraſſe* with conqueſt
Th'Embaſſadors of *England* giues this wa
Ham. O I die *Horatio*,
The potent poyſon quite ore-growes my
I cannot liue to heare the newes from *En*
But I do propheſie the election lights
On *Fortinbraſſe*, he has my dying voyce,
So tell him with th'occurrants more and l
Which haue ſolicited, the reſt is ſilence.
Hora. Now cracks a noble heart, good
And flight of Angels ſinge thee to thy reſ
Why dooes the drum come hether?

Enter Fortinbraſſe, with the Emba

Fortin. Where is this ſight?
Hora. VVhat is it you would ſee?
If ought of woe, or wonder, ceaſe your ſea
Fortin. This quarry cries on hauock, O p
What feaſt is toward in thine eternall cell
That thou ſo many Princes at a ſhot
So bloudily haſt ſtrooke?
Embaſ. The ſight is diſmall
And our affaires from *England* come too l
The eares are ſenceleſſe that ſhould giue
To tell him his commandement is fulfill'
That *Roſencraus* and *Guyldenſterne* are de
Where ſhould we haue our thanks?
Hora. Not from his mouth
Had it th'ability of life to thanke you;
He neuer gaue commandement for their
But ſince ſo iump vpon this bloody queſ

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